

But of herself she Is so straitly  
skirted (Falsely reputing True Love<sub>5</sub>  
Honour's Stain) That I shall  
never^move, and never die, So  
many ways her mind I have  
experted! Yet shall I live,, through  
virtue of her eye!

ODE      i 6.



BEFORE bright TITAN raised his team  
Or lovely Morn with rosy cheek, With  
scarlet dyed the Eastern stream,  
On PHOEBUS' day, first of the week; Early,  
my goddess did arise,  
With breath to bless the morning air, O  
heavens, which made divine mine eyes!  
Glancing on such a Nymph ! so fair ! Whose  
Hair, downspread in curled tresses,  
PHOEBUS his glitter and beams withstood :  
Much like him, when, through cypresses,  
He danceth on the silver flood; Or like  
the golden purled down,  
Broached upon the palmed-flowered willows,  
Which downward scattered from her crown,  
Loosely dishevelled on love's pillows.  
Covering her swan-like back below  
Like ivory matched with purest gold;  
Like PHOEBE when on whitest snow  
Her gilded shadow taketh hold. Her  
Forehead was like to the rose  
Before ADONIS pricked his feet! Or like  
the path to heaven which goes,  
Where all the lovely Graces meet!  
CUPID'S rich Chariot stood under!  
Moist pearl about the wheels was set!  
Grey agate spokes, not much asunder!